

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short, snappy, pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY.
RESPONSIBILITY.
By CHARLOTTA PERRY.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong.
An so again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shades and you have sun,
If you have freer hand to live,
Than I who sit in helpless shade,
Then I who sit in helpless shade,
With barren the hand.

We do not ask the little brook
To turn the wheel,
To turn the larger stream we look;
The strength of steel
We do not ask from silken hand,
No heart of oak from willow wand;
We do not ask the wren to go
Up to the heights the eagles know;
Nor yet expect the hawk's clear note
From out the dove's dumb throat.

The wisdom's law, the perfect code—
To him on whom much is bestowed
The tuneful throat is bid to sing.
It's much required
That oak must sing the forest's king;
The rushing stream the wheel must move;
The tempered steel its strength must prove.
To open with the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.
By MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate hand fibres tender,
Waiting when the wind swept down so low.
Rushes tall and moss and grass
Grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.
Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests wayed their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain.
Nature revealed in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these.
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way.
No one came to note it day by day.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The man or boy who does not like to work never discovers that work is his best friend.
It is by work that the world knows what a man is and all those who do not work are idle, or do-nothings.
Work is every person's representative, for it is by the work of each one that the world knows what each person amounts to.
Everybody's work is a certificate of character because if it is praised or blamed, the character of the worker. Our work praises us if it is good, and if it is not by it we are condemned.
Work is the best friend any one can have in time of trial, for the busy person has no time to be miserable, and the idle person has no means by which to escape.
It was work that chartered the heavens and the oceans, and that produced the seven wonders of the world.
It is by work that man materializes his thoughts—and all the wonderful and useful objects you have ever seen first existed in thought in the mind of man.
It is thought which first produced a palace or a temple with all its furnishings, and thought represents the action of the mind and the muscles produces a flying machine or a poem.
Men like Edison, or Marconi, who find their work and do it, make a name which endures for ages.
It is the work of the people that

THE "BLUES"
Caused by
Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry and overeat, have spells of mental depression, feel that life is a burden, and are unable to enjoy the pleasures of life. These conditions are due to building up a habit of eating too much, and to the action of an internal poison—acid-stomach. It is to be wondered at, that a man who is so well educated, and who has so much to do, should be so easily overcome by this internal poison. The system becomes deranged, digestion suffers, the blood is impure, and the nerves are weakened. The result is a state of nervousness, which is the cause of the "blues". It is a condition which is easily cured by the use of EATONIC. EATONIC is a powerful acid-stomach remedy, which not only cures the acid-stomach, but also builds up the system, and restores the nerves to their normal state. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is the only one of its kind. It is the only remedy which has been found to be so effective in curing the "blues". It is the only remedy which has been found to be so effective in curing the "blues". It is the only remedy which has been found to be so effective in curing the "blues".

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)
WHEN YOU WANT to put your mind into better shape, there is no medium better than through the action of EATONIC. It is the only medium of the world.

makes governments great and nations prosperous and happy.
When man became a thinker and a worker he ceased to be a savage.
THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS
1—Dorothy Reed of New London, Missa Pat's Problem.
2—Ormond Holloway of Plainfield, The Flying Machine Boys in the Frozen North.
3—Bertha Wright of Volantown, The Blue Grass Seminary Girls in the Water.
4—Aurea Magrey of Volantown, Ruth Fleming's Homecoming.
5—Bertha Wright of Plainfield, The Camp Fire Girls' Caravan.
6—Margaret Torrey of Central Village, The Red Cross Girls With U. S. Marines.
7—William Gwasdoff of Norwich, The Boy Scouts' Adventure in France.
Winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Larkins Herbert of Plainfield—Many thanks for the beautiful prize book you sent me some time ago named "The Camp Fire Girls' Caravan".
Bertha Macomber of Volantown—I received the prize book entitled "Aeroplane Scouts of England". I have read it and found it very interesting.
Charlotte Benjamin of Norwich—I thank you very much for the prize book you awarded me entitled "The Aeroplane Scouts of England". I have read it and found it very interesting.
William Gwasdoff of Norwich—I received the prize book you sent me entitled "The Boy Scouts' Adventure in France". I have read it and found it very interesting.
Aurea Magrey of Volantown—I received the prize book you sent me entitled "The Red Cross Girls' Caravan". I have read it and found it very interesting.
Margie Gahan of Volantown—I received the prize book and thank you very much for it. I think it is going to be interesting.
Aurea Magrey of Volantown—I received the prize book you sent me entitled "The Red Cross Girls' Caravan". I have read it and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Adventure in My Canoe.

One windy day I went out in my canoe and went down to Pine Grove, about two miles from the Golden Spur. That is where I started from, and I got as far as Turkey Point, where the wind shifted, and the bow of the canoe around the other way.
It is quite hard to turn a canoe, and when you are against the wind, if my canoe had not been a Sponson, I surely would have been overboard. Just as I turned around, I lost my paddle, and it floated towards shore. I was in the middle of the river, so I could not get it.
I did not know what to do. I tried paddling with my hands, but that did no good. The wind kept turning me around in a circle.
At last saw something that looked good. It was some friends of mine saw me. In the canoe without a paddle, so they came to help me in their canoe.
They towed me home, and my father gave me a scolding for going out canoeing on a windy day. I promised him I would never do that again.
DOROTHY RUDD,
New London.

A Birthday Surprise.

One day I was making a doll's dress when a knock came on the door and said, "Surprise!"
I said, "What surprise?"
He said, "Come down stairs and find out." I was more surprised than ever you were.
As I came near the dining room I saw dark figures roaming around. As I entered several hands put me down in a chair.
The black figures roamed around the room soon started to blow horns and Joseph lit the electric light.
To my great astonishment I saw in front of me a table full of delicious dishes, and best of all in front of me was a birthday cake with lighted candles. All around the table were my friends. We played many games and sang, danced, ate, drank, and had a lovely time.
Then the children all gathered up and sang "America" and went home. I received many useful presents.
BESSIE GITLIN, Age 11,
New London.

The Adventures of a Clock.

When I came out of the factory in which I was made, I thought I would have a peaceful life.
After the clock-maker had put the finishing touches on me, I was packed with many others in a large box. I was taken out in a freight car and my journey to somewhere had begun.
We had been going along for a few days when suddenly the train stopped. Then some men came and put us in a large room with many other boxes. After I had been there a few hours we were taken out and put on a large truck.
In a few minutes the truck stopped and we were taken into a large store-room.
We had been here about a day when a man came and opened the box up and took out five others and I. We were taken and put in a large window with many pieces of jewelry.
In about a week the man came and took us out of the window and put us upon a shelf.
The next day I was taken down and was put in a piece of paper and given to a lady.
She took me to her home put me on a small shelf in her bedroom. That night she wound me up and put me back on the shelf.
In the middle of the night I heard somebody open the window. Then a man came in. He had a large bag with him and he took many things which he put into it. He was just going to leave when he saw me. I

was taken and put into the bag like the rest and then taken out the window into the yard.
I was then taken quite a distance when the man came to a small garden which was far out of the city. He opened the door and went in. He then took me all out. He put me upon a shelf and the rest back in the bag. When he had been in a little while the alarm on me went off with a terrible racket. The man was very angry and as I was still in the bag he took me and threw me far out of the window.
Here I lie far out in the woods probably never to be seen or heard by any one.
ELI CRAMER, Age 10,
Norwich.

Going After the Cows.

Going after the cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to catch a wagon which was covered with wild straw-berrins in the pasture and then in the fragrant hill pasture there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, tufts of Columbine and roots of wildflowers to be dug. And dozens of things good to eat, or to smell, that I could not resist. In the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a blast from the farm house, as if to say, "Way on earth doesn't that boy come home!"
BERTHA WRIGHT, Age 15,
Volantown.

Grandmother's Home.

Grandmother Graham was a lovely old lady. She had a beautiful home a few miles from the city. Her house and her grandchildren went but to see her quite often.
Amy thought there was no place like grandmother's for her summer vacations.
There were barns, stables, horses, cows, calves and a Shetland pony that any child could ride upon.
Amy had a bicycle and Jamie had a horse. They would ride along by each other and have a race. It was great fun.
But there were days when Auntie took the children indoors. Grandmother told them lovely stories then.
Amy like best to hear about her own father what he did when he was a child. So one day Grandmother told this:
"My little Harvey was very fond of fruit and flowers. When he was a boy he liked nothing better than to pull the tulips off by the heads and fill the crown of his hat with them."
We told him not to do that, but there were not enough of them to waste in that way.
He looked very sad, but sat under a tree and seemed in deep thought. He wasn't more than three years old then.
We left him and went into the house. In a few minutes he went softly down the garden and scooped up earth enough to fill them. He was then in the garden and ran in among the tulips and filled each cup full of the earth, emptying all from his shoes into them.
Daughter and I had been watching the child from the library window. We crept out of the house and into the garden as quickly as we could, and peeping behind the honeysuckle arched, listened while the little fellow talked aloud:
"Now you tulips dear make haste and grow. All this dirt will make 'em grow, and then there'll be enough to fill my little hat full every day."
The listeners had to laugh. At that moment a boy dropped his shoes and ran as fast as he could towards the garden path. He held us quite a chase before he could catch him.
How Jamie and Amy laughed when Grandma told this story.
AURORE MAGREY, Age 13,
Volantown.

Kate and the Goat.

It was a warm day. School was just out and little Kate stood looking at a large field. To cross it was a way, but for her and a pleasant surprise. She thought a wicked old goat of which everyone was afraid, and it was always ready to fight and kick. She was a little girl, and the owner of the field said that small children ought not to cross there.
Kate stood thinking: Is it better to go by way, or round by the road. She looked up and down, but there was no sign of the goat. So she made her mind to cross the field.
She started and was about half way across when she saw the goat coming toward her. It had been asleep in another part of the field, but was now awake and very wide awake.
When she saw the goat she gave its head a shake as if to say, "What right have you here?" and started after it.
The girl had very little time to think what she should do. Not far off was the stump of a tree, and toward this Kate ran as fast as she could.
When she reached it she put her apron around the stump and then stood behind it.
She was not any too soon, for almost at the same minute the goat came up and crashed went its head against the stump. Then all was still.
After awhile Kate looked around, and there the goat lay as if dead.
You may be sure it did not take Kate long to get home.
When her father heard what she had done, he was very proud of her because, as he said, she did not lose her thinking-cap when she was in danger.
BEATRICE HEBERT, Age 13,
Plainfield.

A Good Recipe.

Marian was feeling cross. Mother noticed it and called her into her bedroom.
"You must have gotten out of the wrong end of the bed this morning," she said, as Marian stepped into the room. "I think you can make use of a certain recipe my mother gave me when I felt just as you do now. Giving her a slip of paper, mother passed out of the room and left Marian to read the recipe.
"Mix a quart of jam with three cups of generosity. Slowly pour in amusement flavored with friendship and mix with a tablet of goodnaturedness and a drop of exaltation. Mixing thoroughly take in small quantities. This mixture is best for a dull or cross day."
This is what Marian read. She started at the paper a minute and then smiled a broad, pleasant smile. "I do declare," she said, "I'm feeling better now. I'll thank the book recipe I ever saw."
Then as her twin sister and brother came in she remarked: "It's got the good story to tell you, Marian, so hurry and get your chairs." While the twins marvelled at the return of her good nature.
"I've got a recipe," her mother peeped in at them and smiled. "I knew it would do her as much good as it did me," she exclaimed.
ROSELINE CUNNE, Age 11,
Norwich.

A Little Patriotic.

I read The Bulletin daily and find many interesting stories in it. I am twelve years old and a true American citizen. I have helped and did my best to help with the war. I have a book of thirty poems and have made

For Girls to Make

Indoor and Outdoor Beads.
BY CORLEEN SHERWIN BAILEY.
Bright-colored beads are in style now, and these are what you ought to have a string. It is ever so much fun to make them, if you know how.

Using old magazine covers, colored advertisements, funny pages, or anything of the sort, cut little triangular, pentagon-shaped strips of paper an inch wide at the base, tapering to a point at about six inches. Beginning at the wider end, roll these strips as tightly as possible around a hatpin, and then pease down the tip firmly.
If you buy paper of your favorite color, you can make beads of any color scheme you like, but special paper is not really necessary. Ordinary paper, given from old Sunday newspapers, is all right. The printing on the rolled beads looks like Japanese letters.



Outdoor Beads.

But have you ever thought of the possibilities in beans, kernels of corn, watermelon or squash seeds, and the like? These are autumn jewels. Soak the seeds in lukewarm water to soften them. When they are soft enough to work with, dry between folded towels. Decide on the arrangement and color combination. You will be surprised to see what pretty effects you can bring about.
Take a long, slender needle threaded with coarse cotton. Red and yellow kernels of corn, strung alternately in groups of three, will make exactly the necklace you want to wear with your Camp Five dress. Those big, round, red and brown beans look well strung either singly or with grains of corn.
String melon seeds singly and as carefully as you can, putting the needle through each seed from point to point. Decorate them with your watercolor colors. If you are making a necklace to wear with your gray plaid gingham frock, select the most prominent color in the cloth, and paint the beads to match. You may need to put on two or three coats of paint, allowing each one to dry thoroughly before putting on the next. Such a necklace of melon or squash seeds will be very pretty if colored jade-green or amber-orange. Small crystal beads may be combined with the seeds.

Boys' and Girls' Newspaper Service.
Copyright 1919, by J. H. Millar

side of the robin's nest. A few weeks afterwards I looked up and peeping over the side of the nest were little heads with their mouths wide open.
I knew the baby birds were hungry and that the little mother birds were very busy keeping the little birds filled up. I thought I would try and help the mother birds, so I went into the garden and dug a few worms and left them on the grass. It was not long before the mother birds found them and took them to the baby birds. It was not long before the baby birds were flying around the yard.
A few days afterwards the birds left and I kept awfully.
A number of people did not believe that this really true story was true. That is the only bird's tenement house I have ever seen, and I don't believe I shall ever see another one.
MARGARET TORREY, Age 12,
Central Village.

The Birds' Tenement House.

One day in spring while I was sitting on the porch I heard a rustle among the leaves of the Dorothy Perkins rose. I looked up. What do you think I saw? It was a robin carrying string and mud. At once I knew the robin was building a nest. I sat very still and watched Mrs. Robin Red Breast build her nest. She wove the nest very carefully, then she plastered the outside with sticks and mud. Soon she was done. In the center was a large cake with frosting and fourteen burning candles around it.
Each girl was served with cake, pie, cookies, candies, ice cream and soda water.
After the delicious lunch we were taken out for a ride in a large auto. On the way we were cracking jokes, telling stories and singing. In a hour or so, we returned and played games till it was time to go home.
AGNES MOZZONSKA,
Colchester.

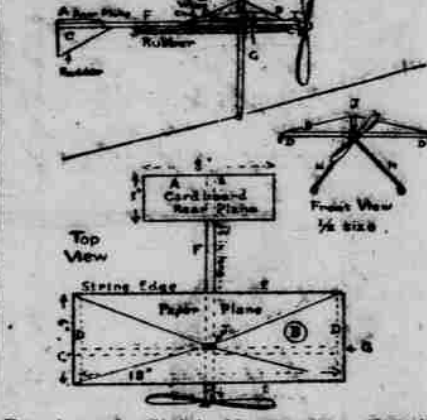
An Exciting Adventure.

As I was walking along a lonely road in the dusk I suddenly saw a terrible figure looming in the path before me.
I scarcely knew which way to turn, for at the left was a dense forest and at the right was a brook. In the dis-

For Boys to Make

Flying Airplane on Track.
BY GRANT M. BYRLE.
There are many ways of building toy model airplanes that will fly, but the trouble is that they are often broken when they fall in the first tests. Here is a way of flying them without mishaps.

Spread the landing gear wide apart and place rings in the end. Then run two cords, for a flying track, from the ground on a gentle slant to a tree rather high in the air. Allow the airplane to rest on the cord track, with the cords through the rings of the landing gear. Start the plane at the lower end and let it fly up the track, while testing it. The track will give freedom enough to show what readjustments are necessary for proper balance.
Of all the designs for model planes, this monoplane is as good as any that are easy to build. The main body is a square stick (F), 15 inches long, with propeller at front end and planes (A) with cord stays to the corners of the plane, will be needed to make it stiffer. The rear balance plane (A) is a piece of cardboard, 3x3 inches. Beneath it is a cardboard rudder (C) fitted into a sawed split in F.
The propeller, 3 inches long, may be whittled out of a piece of pine or shaped out of tin. Its shaft is a wire running through a bent piece of tin (T) with a glass bead for a bearing. It is propelled by heavy rubber bands running back to a towrope hook in F. The landing gear may be made of stiff iron wire or of light sticks lashed to F and J.
Be sure to turn the propeller the right way when twisting up the rubber bands for flight.



Boys' and Girls' Newspaper Service.
Copyright 1919, by J. H. Millar

Afterwards I looked up and peeping over the side of the nest were little heads with their mouths wide open.
I knew the baby birds were hungry and that the little mother birds were very busy keeping the little birds filled up. I thought I would try and help the mother birds, so I went into the garden and dug a few worms and left them on the grass. It was not long before the mother birds found them and took them to the baby birds. It was not long before the baby birds were flying around the yard.
A few days afterwards the birds left and I kept awfully.
A number of people did not believe that this really true story was true. That is the only bird's tenement house I have ever seen, and I don't believe I shall ever see another one.
MARGARET TORREY, Age 12,
Central Village.

Attending a Birthday Party.

One Sunday my friend Mary invited me to her birthday party. Of course I gladly went. When I came to her house all the invited girls were there. At first we sang many songs. While Anna played on the piano.
After singing we were called into the dining room by Mary's mother. There we beheld a table loaded with good things to eat. In the center was a large cake with frosting and fourteen burning candles around it.
Each girl was served with cake, pie, cookies, candies, ice cream and soda water.
After the delicious lunch we were taken out for a ride in a large auto. On the way we were cracking jokes, telling stories and singing. In a hour or so, we returned and played games till it was time to go home.
AGNES MOZZONSKA,
Colchester.

A Good Time With a Bicycle.

Donald was an American soldier who was in France during the war. He was sent to the United States.

One day, while walking through a wood, he saw a fine bicycle leaning against a tree. He went over to it and found it was a French peasant boy stepped from behind a bush and spoke to him.
"Would you like a ride on my wheel?" asked the boy, noting the interest Donald took in the fine machine.
"I certainly would!" replied Donald. "I have a wheel of my own in America."
The French lad said he would not need his bicycle until sunset, so Donald started off, after reporting to his captain.
The day was bright and clear, and Donald could not have had a better day for his trip. He rode far into the country and among the hills, enjoying himself immensely. The roads were in excellent condition, making riding enjoyable and swift.
At noon Donald stopped at a small French cafe and ate a very hearty meal. Soon afterward he started off again on his bicycle, riding to the top of a high hill. From there he could look down upon one of the small French villages. The scene was peaceful and quiet, and it seemed strange to Donald that just three months previous he was fighting in No Man's Land.
About two hours before the time set to meet the boy when Donald turned his wheel toward camp.
He arrived there as the sun was dropping from sight behind the hills, and found the boy awaiting him. Donald returned the wheel to its owner, saying as he did so, "Thank you very much."
WILLIAM GWASDOFF, Age 14,
Norwich.

My Trip to Virginia.

My father is an engineer in the Merchant Marines and this summer he took me for a trip to Virginia. The ship was anchored in Providence, and of course, I was anxious to see it.

REAL "INSIDE" INFORMATION
When Constipated, Bilious, Headachy, Take
"Cascarets" for Liver and Bowels—No "Shake Up"

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure, and fresh with Cascarets, or merely whipping them into action every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Oil, or Purgative Waters?
Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets gently cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the colon and bowels all the constipated waste matter and poisons so you can straighten up.



Nobody Loves Me, by Irene O'Neill, of Norwich.

ance I saw something white approaching. As soon as I could gather my thoughts together I dimly outlined a dark object. As I turned around to run back, I heard muffled sounds behind me.
In a thrilling moment of my excitement I ran back. The thought of those terrible sounds made me shiver. For a moment, I scarcely dared breathe, but persuaded myself to go on. I looked cautiously about to see if the white object had disappeared, but instead it was coming nearer. Almost paralyzed with fear, I heard my name called. I recognized the voice of my father driving our white horse.
The next morning I found that the terrible figure of the night before proved to be the shadow of a tree that I had seen many times before.
DANIELSON,
LOUIS GROVER, Age 10.

An Automobile Trip to Hartford.

We started about 10 o'clock and got there about 3. First we went to Elizabeth park. There was an American flag made up of red, white and blue bunting.
Next we went around the capitol and along Capitol avenue. A few minutes later we went down Charter Oak avenue and in front of Colt's factory.
The new stone bridge over the Connecticut river is quite long and has lights on each side which makes it very pretty at night.
LOUIS GROVER, Age 10.

A Country School of Long Ago.

It was a country school of olden time. We could tell for the desks and books were of olden type. The children were writing. The floor was partly decayed. It seemed strange to see so few bookish parts. Of course I gladly went. When I came to her house all the invited girls were there. At first we sang many songs. While Anna played on the piano.
After singing we were called into the dining room by Mary's mother. There we beheld a table loaded with good things to eat. In the center was a large cake with frosting and fourteen burning candles around it.
Each girl was served with cake, pie, cookies, candies, ice cream and soda water.
After the delicious lunch we were taken out for a ride in a large auto. On the way we were cracking jokes, telling stories and singing. In a hour or so, we returned and played games till it was time to go home.
AGNES MOZZONSKA,
Colchester.

A Good Time With a Bicycle.

Donald was an American soldier who was in France during the war. He was sent to the United States.

One day, while walking through a wood, he saw a fine bicycle leaning against a tree. He went over to it and found it was a French peasant boy stepped from behind a bush and spoke to him.
"Would you like a ride on my wheel?" asked the boy, noting the interest Donald took in the fine machine.
"I certainly would!" replied Donald. "I have a wheel of my own in America."
The French lad said he would not need his bicycle until sunset, so Donald started off, after reporting to his captain.
The day was bright and clear, and Donald could not have had a better day for his trip. He rode far into the country and among the hills, enjoying himself immensely. The roads were in excellent condition, making riding enjoyable and swift.
At noon Donald stopped at a small French cafe and ate a very hearty meal. Soon afterward he started off again on his bicycle, riding to the top of a high hill. From there he could look down upon one of the small French villages. The scene was peaceful and quiet, and it seemed strange to Donald that just three months previous he was fighting in No Man's Land.
About two hours before the time set to meet the boy when Donald turned his wheel toward camp.
He arrived there as the sun was dropping from sight behind the hills, and found the boy awaiting him. Donald returned the wheel to its owner, saying as he did so, "Thank you very much."
WILLIAM GWASDOFF, Age 14,
Norwich.

My Trip to Virginia.

My father is an engineer in the Merchant Marines and this summer he took me for a trip to Virginia. The ship was anchored in Providence, and of course, I was anxious to see it.

menting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the colon and bowels all the constipated waste matter and poisons so you can straighten up.
Cascarets tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken, or cause any inconvenience, they cost so little too.



Nobody Loves Me, by Irene O'Neill, of Norwich.

for I had not seen a big one before. She is 299 1-2 feet long and carries 3,134 tons. The name of her is the "Corsica," and her home port is Boston. She was built 32 years ago on the Great Lakes, and ran there a few years, then she was out in two and brought to the coast. She now runs from Boston, New York, Providence and Newport, Me., to Norfolk and New Orleans, La. The trip I was on she stayed in Providence for three days and the next day got under way about 8 o'clock, or at three bells, as the sea phrase goes.
About noon we were off Newport. I saw the barracks there and two large aeroplanes, and then farther down I saw a sub-chaser and a few other government boats.
Along in the afternoon we sighted Block Island.
The sky was clouding up and it looked like rain. I began to have that funny feeling, and then a headache and I had to go below and turn in. I was sick all the way down to Cape Cod, and on an island of the southern coast of Maryland.
I got up and went to the mess hall and got my dinner and then I was feeling better. But a little later I had to turn in again. About 8 o'clock I went on deck to get a breath of fresh air as there was no port-hole in the room I slept in. We were just going past Cape Cod then. There are two lighthouses there and my father told me which was the new one, and which was the old one. I stayed up all the way in and that night I sat on the afterdeck and watched the boats as they came to anchor.

A sailor taught me to wigwag, and tell the time by the lights of the compass.
The next day we were still at anchor between Norfolk and Newport News.
When a ship is anchored in such a place where there are so many boats it is a little tricky to be sure.
I fished a good part of the day and I got enough fish to feed the whole crew for supper. The name of the fish is "crabs," and are very delicious; and I caught a few crabs, too.
That day we saw a government barge lost its anchor and hit a Limey, an English ship, and knocked the awning off the afterdeck; and then hit a square rigger and knocked two yards arm off and made fast to it.
We got orders that night to be ready the first thing the next morning to go to the dock. About three or four o'clock the next morning the Ellis V. Crew, a tug, came after us.
My father got off watch at eight o'clock and we went ashore to Norfolk. I had a very good time, but it is very hot here.

A Good Time With a Bicycle.

Donald was an American soldier who was in France during the war. He was sent to the United States.
One day, while walking through a wood, he saw a fine bicycle leaning against a tree. He went over to it and found it was a French peasant boy stepped from behind a bush and spoke to him.
"Would you like a ride on my wheel?" asked the boy, noting the interest Donald took in the fine machine.
"I certainly would!" replied Donald. "I have a wheel of my own in America."
The French lad said he would not need his bicycle until sunset, so Donald started off, after reporting to his captain.
The day was bright and clear, and Donald could not have had a better day for his trip. He rode far into the country and among the hills, enjoying himself immensely. The roads were in excellent condition, making riding enjoyable and swift.
At noon Donald stopped at a small French cafe and ate a very hearty meal. Soon afterward he started off again on his bicycle, riding to the top of a high hill. From there he could look down upon one of the small French villages. The scene was peaceful and quiet, and it seemed strange to Donald that just three months previous he was fighting in No Man's Land.
About two hours before the time set to meet the boy when Donald turned his wheel toward camp.
He arrived there as the sun was dropping from sight behind the hills, and found the boy awaiting him. Donald returned the wheel to its owner, saying as he did so, "Thank you very much."
WILLIAM GWASDOFF, Age 14,
Norwich.

A Good Time With a Bicycle.

Donald was an American soldier who was in France during the war. He was sent to the United States.

One day, while walking through a wood, he saw a fine bicycle leaning against a tree. He went over to it and found it was a French peasant boy stepped from behind a bush and spoke to him.
"Would you like a ride on my wheel?" asked the boy, noting the interest Donald took in the fine machine.
"I certainly would!" replied Donald. "I have a wheel of my own in America."
The French lad said he would not need his bicycle until sunset, so Donald started off, after reporting to his captain.
The day was bright and clear, and Donald could not have had a better day for his trip. He rode far into the country and among the hills, enjoying himself immensely. The roads were in excellent condition, making riding enjoyable and swift.
At noon Donald stopped at a small French cafe and ate a very hearty meal. Soon afterward he started off again on his bicycle, riding to the top of a high hill. From there he could look down upon one of the small French villages. The scene was peaceful and quiet, and it seemed strange to Donald that just three months previous he was fighting in No Man's Land.
About two hours before the time set to meet the boy when Donald turned his wheel toward camp.
He arrived there as the sun was dropping from sight behind the hills, and found the boy awaiting him. Donald returned the wheel to its owner, saying as he did so, "Thank you very much."
WILLIAM GWASDOFF, Age 14,
Norwich.

My Trip to Virginia.

My father is an engineer in the Merchant Marines and this summer he took me for a trip to Virginia. The ship was anchored in Providence, and of course, I was anxious to see it.

SLOW DEATH
Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—
GOLD MEDAL HADLEN OIL
bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and read the directions.